

Believing Place

On the road when light-
ning doesn't strike. In my
moment, cruel and kind at once,
I thirst

for something...it's
not raining yet

the weather ambiguous-
ly menaces. Upheavals

ahead; a crevice jaws
to leap across or shun.

There can be gunners too,
fire sucking

fire from out of life.
I might even wish to end
here, knowing that vicious,

daily twist that there's no road to
Damascus.

Recovery

Something deeply lost: you have dived hence
to feel a shape of it, a fine sense
any cost embrace yourself within its
 whiteness.

Definition #1

Mad at Milton for allusion though
examples gross as earth exhort

me to exceed my grasp,cross that bar while,
to mine own heart true,I'm nonetheless
scarce adjusted in this room amid
such low comedy and high

sentence. Oh yes! but
that's defining farce,no?

Sweet Hell--to Isaac Babel

I getta hardon,man,'slike
I could tuck it under my chin
and paint on crazy bowtie.

Okay,okay,*Pornography and Lies*
(an autobiography). Why don't you just
say "and then you die"? Hey!
Like it IS a d-RIVE,sex. *Drive!*

he said. Through the lovely flower and through
the whole fuckin' works!

And look out when it STARTS. Hhold on to
the handles of that c-RAZY sled, Baby!
And I hold on and m'Lady too's how we say FUCK
YOU,WORLD! ('swhat WhoreLady
Luck's sneering now.)

Like Guy DeMaupassant,man:
he struck the fuckin HUMAN
about SEX I shit you not:
that short story about

carriage driver? Says to the maid he carries

each and every morning "How about little fun
today,Mademoiselle?" And she laughs and laughs.

And one morning she says yes.

And one morning she says yes,and like,
that's the story: outa the b-LUE she says yes!
SHIT! That's what *I* mean! YES! Fuck
in AFFIRMATION,Baby! LIFE! Fuckin' LIFE!

Be nice and pay some attention and stop greedy
grabbing for once and it might even come to YOU.

But it...it surely is all,ALL fuckin DANGEROUS.
Let's not ever forget that

DeMaupassant died on all fours eating his own shit.
Who dealt this mess?

Teaching An Old Saw New Tooth

The dental assistant's ass
speaks volume.

Dish night

I learned romance
from movies, shattering
lies.

At the Summit

The woman, divorced, seething.
So...why not try? you reason.
From boredom she accedes then

among all those famous sounds,
you locate it, further wound.

Don't sweat it. No reparations

licitjust

keep everything up,
repeating,too,
your lie,your name.

Ron's Painting to D.

What is a dream of rain?
Does it uncover shape?
Can pain

define the place
that's cut?

Can we see
what we repeat?

Why is it always too late?
Can the rain learn? Absurd. It

only washes and chills. What becomes
the dream as rain

drums into your exhaling judgement?
When you shiver in your human breath
wondering what you've done again?

But as rain freshens thus
it dreams us.

The Mission

I put in a week Thursday with a feminist.

"You're STILL not getting it!"
So I naturally
didn't

com
mence.